For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stichied *Mars* his helme.
Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But ile endeuour deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer ————

Aiax. Do not chafe thee cozen.
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you too't,
You may haue euery day enough of *Hector*,
If you haue stomack. The generall state I feare,
Can scarce entreate you to be odde with him.

Hect. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting warres since you refusd, the Grecians

Achil. Doost thou entreate me *Hector*? (cause.
To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.

Agam. First all you Peeres of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full conuiue we: afterwards
As *Hectors* leisure, and your bounties shall
Concurre together, seuerally entreate him
To taste your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,
That this great souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt.*

Troy. My Lord *Vlisses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.

Vlis. At *Menelaus* tent, most princely *Troylus*:
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither lookes vpon the heauen nor earth,
But giues all gaze, and bent of amorous view,
On the faire *Cresseid*.

Troyl. Shall I sweete Lord be bound to you so much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* tent,
To bring me thether.

Vlis. You shall command me sir.
But gentle tell me of what honor was
This *Cressida* in Troy? had she no louer there
That wailes her absence?

Troyl.